EPILOGUE,

Written by GEORGE KEATE, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. ARNOLD.

Enter, peeping in at the Stage-Door.

IS the ſtage clear?—bleſs me!—I've ſuch a dread!
It ſeems enchanted ground, where'er I tread!
[*Coming forward.*
What noiſe was that!—huſh!—'twas a falſe alarm—
I'm ſure there's no one here will do me harm:
Amongſt you can't be found a ſingle knight,
Who would not do an injur'd damſel right.
Well—Heav'n be prais'd! I'm out of magic reach,
And have once more regain'd the pow'r of ſpeech:
Aye, and I'll uſe it—for it muſt appear,
That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear.—
There's not a female here but ſhar'd my woe,
Ty'd down to YES, or ſtill more hateful NO.
NO is expreſſive—but I muſt confeſs,
If rightly queſtion'd, I'd uſe only YES.
In MERLIN's walk this broken wand I found,
[*Shewing a broken wand.*
Which to *two Words* my ſpeaking organs bound.
Suppoſe upon the town I try his ſpell—
Ladies, don't ſtir!—You uſe your tongues too well!
How tranquil ev'ry place, when, by my ſkill,
Folly is mute, and even *Slander* ſtill!
Old Goſſips ſpeechleſs—*Bloods* would breed no riot,
And all the tongues at *Jonathan's* lie quiet!
Each *grave Profeſſion* muſt new buſh the wig;
Nothing to ſay, 'twere needleſs they look big!
The *reverend Doctor* might the change endure,
He would ſit ſtill, and have his *Sine Cure!*
Nor could *Great Folks* much hardſhip undergo;
They do their buſ'neſs with an AYE or NO!—
But, come, I only jok'd---diſmiſs your fear;
Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not uſe it here.

I'll

I'll only keep my magic as a guard,
To awe each critic who attacks our bard.
Sparling, "*The Ancients* never knew such writing—
"The drama's lost!—the managers exhaust us
"With *Operas*, *Monkies*, *Mob*, and *Dr. Faustus*."
Dread Sirs, a word!—the public taste is fickle;
Our actors *vary*; and you'll own, at least,
It is *Variety* that makes the feast.
If this fair circle smile—and the *Gods* thunder,
I wish this wand will keep the critics under.

COMUS.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

The MUSIC by Mr. ARNE.

——Soli cantare periti
ARCADES.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Becket, Adelphi, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIII.

C Y M O N.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

By [illegible]

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Becket, Adelphi, in the Strand.
MDCCLXXVIII.

PROLOGUE,

For New Year's Day.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

I Come, obedient at my Brother's Call,
From Top to Bottom, to salute you all;
Wou[illegible] before our Piece you view,
A happy Year—to either—you—and you!
Box—Pit—1 Gall—2 Gall.
From you the Play'rs enjoy and feel it here,
The merry Christmas, *and the* happy Year.
There is a good old Saying—pray attend it;
As you begin the Year, you'll surely end it:
Should any one this Night incline to Evil,
He'll play for twelve long Months, the very Devil!
Should any married Dame exert her Tongue,
She'll sing the Zodiac round, the same sweet Song:
And should the Husband join the Treble too,
Why then 'tis Cat *and* Dog, *the whole Year thro'.*
Ye Sons of Law *and* Physic, *for your Ease,*
Be sure this Day you never take your Fees:
Can't you refuse?—Then the disease grows strong,
You'll have two Itching Palms—Lord knows how long!
Writers of News by this strange Fate are bound,
They lie to-day, and lie the whole Year round.
You Wits assembled here, both great and small,
Set not this Night afloat your Critic Gall;
If you should snarl, and not incline to Laughter,
What sweet Companions for a Twelvemonth after!
You must be muzzled for this Night at least;
Our Author has a Right this Day to feast.
He has not touch'd one Bit as yet.—Remember,
'Tis a long Fast *from now to next December.*
'Tis Holiday! *you are* our Patrons *now;*
(to the upper Gallery.
If you but grin, the Critics won't Bow, wow.
As for the Plot, Wit, Humour, Language—I
Beg you such Trifles kindly to pass by;

The

The moſt eſſential Part, which ſometimes ſaves
An Dreſſes, Dances, Sinkings, Flyings, Scenes—
They'll make you ſtare—nay, there is ſuch a thing,
Will make you ſtare ſtill more!—for I muſt ſing!
And ſhould your Taſte, and Ears, be ever nice,
Alas! you'll ſpoil my Singing in a Trice:
If you ſhould growl, my Notes will alter ſoon,
I can't be in—if you are out of Tune!
Permit my Fears your Favour to beſpeak,
My Part's a ſtrong one, and poor I but weak.
(alluding to his late Accident.
If you but ſmile, I'm firm, if frown, I ſtumble—
Learn well of one, ſpare me a ſecond Fumble.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MERLIN,	Mr. Bensley.
CYMON,	Mr. Vernon.
DORUS,	Mr. Parsons.
LINCO,	Mr. King.
DAMON,	Mr. Fawcett.
DORILAS,	Mr. Fox.
HYMEN,	Mr. Giorgi.
CUPID,	Miſs Rogers.

Demons of Revenge, Mr. Champness, &c. &c.

Knights, Shepherds, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

URGANDA,	Mrs. Baddely.
SYLVIA,	Mrs. Arne.
FATIMA,	Mrs. Abington.
Firſt SHEPHERDESS.	Miſs Reynolds.
Second SHEPHERDESS,	Miſs Plym.
DORCAS,	Mrs. Bradshaw.

SCENE, Arcadia.

Dramatis Personæ.

MERLIN,	Mr. Bensley.
CYMON,	Mr. Vernon.
DORUS,	Mr. Parsons.
LINCO,	Mr. King.
DAMON,	Mr. Bawcett.
DORILAS,	Mr. Fox.
HYMEN,	Mr. Cubitt.
CUPID,	Miss Rogers.

Dryads, Revellers, Mr. Clarke, &c. &c.

Knights, Shepherds, &c. &c. &c. &c.

URGANDA,	Mrs. Baddeley.
SYLVIA,	Mrs. Abbe.
FATIMA,	Mrs. Arnold.
First SHEPHERDESS,	Mrs. Reynolds.
Second SHEPHERDESS,	Miss Leyn.
DORCAS,	Miss Bradshaw.

SCENE, Arcadia.

CYMON.

A

DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE, URGANDA's *Palace.*

Enter MERLIN *and* URGANDA.

URGANDA.

BUT hear me, Merlin, I beseech you, hear me.

MERLIN.

Hear you! I have heard you—for years have heard your vows, your protestations—Have you not allur'd my affections by every female art? and when I thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded for its constancy—What have you done?—Why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy, an ideot.

URGANDA.

Ev'n this I can bear from Merlin.

MERLIN.

You have injur'd me, and muſt bear more.

URGANDA.

I'll repair that injury.

MERLIN.

Then ſend back your fav'rite Cymon to his diſconſolate friends.

URGANDA.

How can you imagine that ſuch a poor ignorant object as Cymon is can have any charms for me?

MERLIN.

Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; the ſucceſs of rakes and fools, is a ſufficient warning to us, could we be wiſe enough to take it.

URGANDA.

You miſtake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's ſtate of mind, and friendſhip for his father, have induc'd me to endeavour at his cure.

MERLIN.

Falſe, prevaricating Urganda! Love was your inducement. Have you not ſtolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while a hundred knights are in ſearch after him? Does not every thing about you prove the conſequence of your want of honour and faith to me? Were you not plac'd on this happy ſpot of Arcadia, to be the guardian of its peace and innocence? and

have not the Arcadians liv'd for ages the envy of leſs happy, becauſe leſs virtuous people?

URGANDA.

Let me beſeech you, Merlin, ſpare my ſhame.

MERLIN.

And are they not at laſt, by your example, ſunk from the ſtate of happineſs and tranquility to that of care, vice, and folly! Their once happy lives are now imbitter'd with envy, paſſion, vanity, ſelfiſhneſs, and inconſtancy;—and who are they to curſe for this change? Urganda, the falſe, the loſt Urganda.

AIR.

If pure are the ſprings of the fountain,
As purely the river will flow,
If noxious the ſtream from the mountain,
It poiſons the valley below:
So of vice, or of virtue, poſſeſt,
The throne makes the nation,
Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or bleſt.

URGANDA.

Let us talk calmly of this matter.

MERLIN.

I'll converſe with you no more——becauſe I will be no more deceiv'd: I cannot hate you, tho' I ſhun you——Yet, in my miſery, I have this conſolation, that the pangs of my jealouſy are at leaſt equall'd by the torments of your fruitleſs paſſion.

Still wiſh and ſigh, and wiſh again,
Love is dethron'd, REVENGE ſhall reign!

Still shall my pow'r ſhort arts confound,
And Cymon's cure ſhall be Urganda's
wound. (*Exit* Merlin.

URGANDA.

"*And* Cymon's *cure ſhall be* Urganda's *wound!*"
What myſtery is couch'd in theſe words?——What
can he mean?

Enter Fatima, *looking after* Merlin.

FATIMA.

I'll tell you, madam, when he is out of hearing——
He means miſchief, and terrible miſchief too; no
leſs, I believe, than ravilhing you, and cutting my
tongue out——I wiſh we were out of his clutches.

URGANDA.

Don't fear, Fatima.

FATIMA.

I can't help it, he has great power, and is miſ-
chievouſly angry.

URGANDA.

Here is your protection, (*ſhewing her wand.*) My
power is at leaſt equal to his——(*muſes.*) "*And* Cy-
mon's *cure ſhall be* Urganda's *wound!*"

FATIMA.

Don't trouble your head with theſe odd ends of
verſes, which were ſpoke in a paſſion, or, perhaps,
for the rhyme's ſake.——Think a little on ſome
from this old miſchief-making conjurer——What
will you do, madam?

URGANDA.

What can I do, Fatima?

FATIMA.

You might very eaſily settle matters with him, if you cou'd as eaſily settle 'em with yourself.

URGANDA.

Tell me how?

FATIMA.

Marry Merlin, and ſend away the young fellow. (*Urganda ſhakes her head.*) I thought ſo——we are all alike, and that folly of ours of preferring two-and-twenty to two-and-forty, runs thro' the whole ſex of us——but, before matters grow worſe, give me leave to reaſon a little with you, madam,

URGANDA.

I am in love, Fatima (*ſighing*)

FATIMA.

And poor reaſon may ſtay at home——me exactly!——Ay, ay, we are all alike——but with this difference, madam——your paſſion is ſurely a ſtrange one——you have ſtolen away this young man; who, hating his youth and figure, has not one ſingle circumſtance to create affection about him: He is half an ideot, madam, which is no great compliment to your wiſdom, your beauty, or your power.

URGANDA.

I deſpiſe them all——for they can neither relieve my paſſion, or create one where I would have them.

AIR.

AIR.

What is knowledge, and beauty, and power,
Or what is my magical art?
Can I for a day, for an hour,
Have beauty to make him youth kind,
Have pow'r o'er his mind,
Or knowledge to warm his cold heart?
O! no—a weak boy all my magic disarms,
And I figh all the day with my power and my charms.

FATIMA.

Sigh all the day!—More ſhame for you, madam—Cymon is incapable of being touch'd with any thing; nothing gives him pleaſure, but twirling his cap, and hunting butterflies—he'll make a ſad lover indeed, madam—

URGANDA.

I can wait with patience for the recovery of his underſtanding; it begins to dawn already.

FATIMA.

Where pray?

URGANDA.

In his eyes.

FATIMA.

Eyes!—Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Love has none, madam—the heart only ſees on theſe occaſions—Cymon was born a fool——and his eyes will never look as you would have them, take my word for it.

URGANDA.

Don't make me deſpair, Fatima.

FATIMA.

Don't loſe your time then; 'tis the buſineſs of beauty to make fools, and not cure 'em—Even I, poor

poor I, could have made twenty fools of wiſe men, in half the time that you have been endeavouring to make your fool ſenſible—O! 'tis a ſad way of ſpending one's time.

URGANDA.

Hold your tongue, Fatima—my paſſion is too ſerious to be jeſted with.

FATIMA.

Far gone indeed, madam—and yonder goes the precious object of it. (*looking out.*

URGANDA.

He ſeems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

FATIMA.

He's a fool, or he might make himſelf very merry among us—I'll leave you to make the moſt of him.

URGANDA.

Stay, Fatima—and help me to divert him.

FATIMA.

A ſad time, when a lady muſt call in help to divert her gallant!—but I'm at your ſervice.—

AIR.

Hither, all my ſpirits bend,
With your magic powers attend,
Chaſe the miſts that cloud his mind:
Muſick, melt the frozen boy,
Raiſe his ſoul to love and joy;
Dullneſs makes the heart unkind.

Enter

CYMON.

What do you ſing for?—Heigho! (*ſighing.*)

FATIMA.

What's the matter, young gentleman?

CYMON.

Heigho!

URGANDA.

Are you not well, Cymon?

CYMON.

Yes,—I am very well.

URGANDA.

Why do you ſigh then?

CYMON.

Eh! (*looks foolish.*)

FATIMA.

Do you ſee it in his eyes, now, madam?

URGANDA.

Prithee, be quiet—What is it you want? tell me, Cymon—Tell me your wiſhes, and you ſhall have e'm.

CYMON.

Shall I?

URGANDA.

Yes, indeed, Cymon.

FATIMA.

Now, for it.

CYMON.

I wiſh—heigho!

URGAN-

URGANDA.

These sighs must mean something.

(aside to Fatima.)

FATIMA.

I wish you joy then; find it out, madam.

URGANDA.

What do you sigh for?

CYMON.

I want—

(sighs)

URGANDA.

What, what, my sweet creature?

(eagerly.)

CYMON.

To go away.

FATIMA.

O la!——the meaning's out,

URGANDA.

What would you leave me then?

CYMON.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Why would you leave me?

CYMON.

I don't know.

URGANDA.

Where would you go?

CYMON.

Any where.

URGANDA.

Had you rather go any where, than stay with me?

CYMON.

I had rather go any where, than ſtay with any body.

URGANDA.

But you can't love me, if you would leave me, Cymon.

CYMON.

Love you! what's that.

URGANDA.

Do you feel nothing here? In your heart, Cymon?

CYMON.

Yes, I do.

URGANDA.

What is it?

CYMON.

I don't know. (ſighs.)

URGANDA.

That's a ſigh, Cymon——am I the cauſe of it?

CYMON.

Yes, indeed you are.

URGANDA.

Then I am bleſt!

FATIMA.

Poor lady!

URGANDA.

But how do I cauſe it?

CYMON.

You won't let me go away.

FATIMA.

Poor lady! (aſide)

URGMNDA.

Will you love me, if I let you go?

CYMON.

Any thing, if you'll let me go---pray let me go.

URGANDA.

You can't love me, and go too.

CYMON.

Let me try.

FATIMA.

I'm out of all patience——what the deuce would you have, young gentleman? Had you one grain of understanding, or a spark of sensibility in you, you would know and feel yourself to be the happiest of mortals.

CYMON.

I had rather go, for all that.

FATIMA.

The picture of the whole sex! Oh! madam—fondness will never do, a little coquetry is the thing; I bait my hook with nothing else; and I always catch fish. (*aside to* Urganda.)

URGANDA.

What had you rather go away than live here in splendor, be caress'd by me, and have all your commands obey'd?

CYMON.

All my commands obey'd?

URGANDA.

Yes, my dear Cymon; give me your affections, and I will give you my power—you shall be lord of me and mine.

CYMON.

O la!

FATIMA.

O, the fool!

URGANDA.

I will ſhew him my power, and captivate his heart thro' his ſenſes.

FATIMA.

You'll throw away your powder and ſhot.

Urganda *waves her wand, and the ſtage changes to a magnificent garden.* Cupid *and the* Loves *deſcend.*

CUPID.

AIR.

O! why will you call me again,
'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain;
The pow'rs of a god
Cannot quicken this clod,
Alas!—it is labour in vain:
O Venus my mother, ſome new object give her!
This blunts all my arrows, and empties my quiver.

A dance by Cupid *and followers.*

During the entertainments of Singing and Dancing, Cymon *at firſt ſtares about him, then grows inattentive, and at laſt falls aſleep.*

URGANDA.

Look, Fatima, nothing can affect his inſenſibility —and yet, what a beautiful ſimplicity!

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Turn him out among the ſheep, madam, and think no more of him—'Tis all labour in vain, as the ſong ſays, I aſſure you.

URGANDA.

Cymon, Cymon! what are you dead to theſe entertainments?

CYMON.

Dead! I hope not. (*ſtarts.*)

URGANDA.

How can you be ſo unmov'd?

CYMON.

They tir'd me ſo, that I wiſh'd 'em a good night, and went to ſleep—But where are they?

URGANDA.

They are gone, Cymon.

CYMON.

Then let me go too. (*going.*)

FATIMA.

The old ſtory!

URGANDA.

Whither would you go?—Tell me, and I'll go with you, my ſweet youth.

CYMON.

No, I'll go by myſelf.

URGANDA.

And ſo you ſhall; but where?

CYMON.

Into the fields.

URGAN-

URGANDA.

But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

CYMON.

Why how can I tell till I try; you won't let me chuse.

AIR.

You gave me last week a young linnet.
Shut up in a fine golden cage,
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how did it flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

URGANDA.

And would you return to me again?

CYMON.

Yes I would—if—I have no where else to go.

FATIMA.

Let him have his humour——when he is not confin'd, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please.—'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

URGANDA.

I'll follow your advice—Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

CYMON.

O la! and I'll bring you a bird's neſt, and ſome cowſlips—and ſhall I let my linnet out too?

FATIMA.

O, ay, pretty creatures; pray, let 'em go together.

URGANDA.

And take this, Cymon, wear it for my ſake, and don't forget me. (*Gives* Cymon a *noſegay.*) Tho' it won't give paſſion, it will increaſe it, if he ſhould think kindly of me, and abſence may befriend me (*Aſide*) Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

CYMON.

Then I'm out of my cage, and ſhall mope no longer. (*overjoyed.*)

URGANDA.

His tranſports diſtract me!—I muſt retire to conceal my uneaſineſs. (*Retires.*)

FATIMA.

And I'll open the gate to the priſoners. [*Exit.*

CYMON.

And I'll fetch my bird, and we'll fly away together.

[*Exit.*

FIRST

AIR.

Oh liberty, liberty!
Dear happy liberty!
Nothing's like thee!
So merry are we,
My linnet and I,
From prison we're free,
Away we will fly,
To liberty, liberty,
Dear happy liberty!
Nothing's like thee!

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Rural Prospect.*

Enter two Shepherdesses.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

WHAT to be left and forsaken! and see the falſe fellow make the ſame vows to another, almoſt before my face! I can't bear it, and I won't!

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Why look ye, Siſter, I am as little inclin'd to bear theſe things as yourſelf; and if my ſwain had been faithleſs too, I ſhould have been vex'd at it, to be ſure; but how can you help yourſelf?

FIRST

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

I have not thought of that; I only feel I can't bear it, and as to the *wont*, I muſt truſt to a little miſchief of my own to bring it about.——O, that I had the power of our enchantreſs yonder! I wou'd play the devil with them all.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

And yet folks ſay, ſhe has no power in love-matters; you know, notwithſtanding her charms, and her ſpirits, ſhe is in love with a fool, and has not wit enough to make him return it.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

No matter for that; if I could not make folks love me, I would make them miſerable, and that's the next pleaſure to it.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

And yet to do juſtice to her who makes all this diſturbance among you, ſhe does not in the leaſt encourage the ſhepherds, and ſhe can't help their falling in love with her.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

May be ſo, nor can I help hating and deteſting her, becauſe they do fall in love with her.——Sylvia's good qualities cannot excuſe her to me; my quarrel to her is, that all the young fellows follow her, not becauſe ſhe does not follow the young fellows.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Why, but really now, ſiſter, 'tis a little hard, that a girl, who has beauty to get lovers, or merit enough to keep them, ſhould be hated for her good qualities. (*Affectedly.*)

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Marry come up, my inſulting ſiſter; becauſe you think your ſhepherd conſtant, you have no feeling for the falſe-heartedneſs of mine.——But don't be too vain with your ſucceſs; my Dorilas is made of the ſame ſtuff with your Damon; and I can't for the life of me ſee that you have any particular ſecurity for your fool, more than I had for mine.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Why are you ſo angry, my dear ſiſter?---I am not Sylvia, and to oblige you, I will abuſe her wherever I go, and whenever you pleaſe; I think ſhe is a moſt provoking creature, and I wiſh ſhe was out of the country with all my ſoul.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

And ſo ſhe ought to be. She has no buſineſs here with her good qualities. Nobody knows who ſhe is, or whence ſhe came.---She was left here with old Dorcas; but how, or by whom, or for what, except to make miſchief among us, I know not.---There is ſome myſtery about her, and I'll find it out.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

But will your quarrelling with her bring back your ſweetheart?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

No matter for that—when the heart is overloaded, any vent is a relief to it; and that of the tongue is always the readieſt and moſt natural—So if you won't help me to find her, you may ſtay where you will.

LINCO, *ſinging without.*

Care flies from the lad that is merry.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care, or felt ſorrow.—If you can bear his laughing a

at your griefs, or ſinging away his own, you may get ſome information from him.

Enter Linco *ſinging.*

LINCO.

What, my girls of ten thouſand! I was this moment defying love and all his miſchief, and you are ſent in the nick by him, to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it—I duck down and all his arrows fly over me.

AIR.

Care flies from the lad that is merry,
Who's heart is as ſound,
And cheeks are as round,
As round and as red as a cherry.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

What are you always thus?

LINCO.

Ay, or Heav'n help me! What would you have me do as you do—walking with your arms acroſs, thus—heighho'ing by the brook ſide among the willows. Oh! fye for ſhame, laſſes! young and handſome, and ſighing after one fellow a-piece, when you ſhould have a hundred in a drove, following you like—like—you ſhall have the ſimile another time.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

No; prithee, Linco, give it us now.

LINCO.

—You ſhall have it—or, what's better, I'll tell you what you are *not* like—you are not like our Shepherdeſs Sylvia—ſhe's ſo cold, and ſo coy, that ſhe flies from her lovers, but is never without a ſcore of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you—froſt and fire, that's all.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Don't imagine, that I am in the pining condition my poor ſiſter is—I am as happy as ſhe is miſerable.

LINCO.

Good lack, I'm ſorry for't.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

What, ſorry that I am happy?

LINCO.

O! no, prodigious glad.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

That I am miſerable?

LINCO.

No, no:—prodigious ſorry for that—and prodigious glad of the other.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Be my friend, Linco; and I'll confeſs my folly to you.—

LINCO.

Don't trouble yourſelf—'tis plain enough to be ſeen—but I'll give you a receipt for it without fee or reward—there's friendſhip for you.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Prithee, be ſerious a little.

LINCO.

No; Heav'n forbid! If I am ſerious, 'tis all over with me—I ſhould ſoon change my roſes for your lilies.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Don't be impudent, Linco—But give us your receipt.

LINCO.

LINCO.

AIR.

I laugh, and I ſing,
I am blithſom and free,
The rogue's little ſting,
It can never reach me:
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
It can never reach me.

II.

My ſkin is ſo tough,
Or ſo blinking it be,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or he miſſes poor me.
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
He miſſes poor me.

III.

O, never be dull,
By the ſad willow tree:
Of mirth be bringful,
And run over like me.
For with fal, la, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!
Run over like me.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

It won't do!

LINCO.

Then you are far gone, indeed.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

And as I can't cure my love, I'll revenge it.

LINCO.

But how, how, ſhepherdeſs?

FIRST

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

I'll tear Sylvia's eyes out.

LINCO.

That's your only way—for you'll give your nails a feaſt, and prevent miſchief for the future—Oh! tear her eyes out by all means.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

How can you laugh, Linco, at my ſiſter in her condition?

LINCO.

I muſt laugh at ſomething; ſhall I be merry with you?

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Shepherd, the happy can bear to be laugh'd at.

LINCO.

Then Sylvia might take your ſhepherd without a ſigh, tho' your ſiſter would tear her eyes out.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

My ſhepherd! what does the fool mean?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

Her ſhepherd! pray tell us, Linco. (*Eagerly.*

LINCO.

'Tis no ſecret I ſuppoſe—I only met Damon and Sylvia together.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

What, *my* Damon?

LINCO.

Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia's Damon if ſhe would accept of him.

SECOND

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Her Damon! I'll make her to know—a wicked flut!—a vile fellow---Come, ſiſter, I'm ready to go with you---we'll give her her own---if our old governor continues to caſt a ſheep's eye at me, I'll have her turned out of Arcadia, I warrant you.

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

This is ſome comfort, however; ha, ha, ha!

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Very well, ſiſter! you may laugh, if you pleaſe---but perhaps it is too ſoon---Linco may be miſtaken; it may be your Dorilas that was with her.

LINCO.

And your Damon too, and Strephon, and Colin, and Alexis, and Egon, and Croydon, and every fool of the pariſh but Linco, and he flicks to

Fal, lal, la, la!
And ha, ha, ha, ha!

FIRST SHEPHERDESS.

I can't bear to ſee him ſo merry, when I am ſo miſerable. (*going.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

There is ſome ſatisfaction in ſeeing one's ſiſter as miſerable as one's ſelf. (*going.*

LINCO.

One word more, laſſes, if you pleaſe; I ſee you are both brimful of wrath, and will certainly ſcratch one another, if you don't find Sylvia---now hear but another ſong, and if it does not cool you, I'll ſhew you where the enemy lies, and you ſhall draw your tongues upon her immediately.

AIR.

AIR.

If you make it your plan,
To have but one man,
By one you are surely betray'd:
Should he prove unkind,
Oh! what can you find?
Then you must die an old maid.
And you too must die an old maid.

II.

Would you ne'er take a sup,
But out of one cup,
And it proves brittle ware, you are curst:
If down it shou'd tip,
Or thro' your hands slip,
O how wou'd you then quench your thirst.
O how, &c.

III.

If your palate to hit,
You chuse but one bit,
And that dainty bit should not keep:
Then restless you lie,
Pout, whimper and cry,
And go without supper to sleep.
And go, &c.

IV.

As your shepherds have chose,
Two strings to their bows,
Shall one for each female suffice?
Take two, three, or four,
Like me take a score,
And then you'll be merry and wise.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *changes to a rural prospect.*

Sylvia is discover'd lying upon a bank, with a basket of flowers.

Enter Merlin.

MERLIN.

My art succeeds—which hither has convey'd,
To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.
Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,
And make him warm, and sensible, and kind;
Her yet cold heart with passion's sighs shall move,
Melt as he melts, and give him Love for Love.
This magic touch shall to these flow'rs impart
[*Touches the basket of flowers with his wand.*
A power when beauty gains, to fix the heart;
A power, the false enchantress shall confound;
And Cymon's *cure shall be* Urganda's *wound.*
[Exit.

Enter Cymon *with his bird.*

CYMON.

Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry. (*Bird flies.*) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you—much good may it do you, Bob——What a sweet place this is! Hills, and greens, and rocks, and trees, and water, and sun, and birds!——Dear me, 'tis just as if I had never seen it before!

[*Whistles about till he sees* Sylvia, *then stops and sinks his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude of foolish astonishment.*]

E O la!

O la!——what's here!——'Tis ſomething droppt'd from the Heavens ſure, and yet 'tis like a woman too!——Bleſs me! is it alive? (*Sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a roſe, and it moves about the heart of it——I begin to feel ſomething ſtrange here. (*lays his hand on his heart and ſighs.*) I don't know what's the matter with me——I wiſh it would wake, that I might ſee its eyes.——If it ſhould look gentle, and ſmile upon me, I ſhould be glad to play with it——Ay, ay, there's ſomething now in my breaſt that they told me of——It feels oddly to me——and yet I don't diſlike it.

AIR.

All amaze!
Wonder, Praiſe.
Here for ever could I gaze!
Creep ſtill near it, (advancing.)
Yet I fear it, (retiring.)
I can neither ſtay nor go,
Can't forſake it, (advancing.)
Dare not wake it, (retiring.)
Shall I touch it?---no, no, no! (advances and retires.)

II.

Cymon, ſure thou art poſſeſt,
Something's got into thy breaſt,
Gently ſtealing,
Strangely feeling,
And my heart is panting ſo,
I'm ſad and merry, ſick and well,
What it is I cannot tell,
Makes me thus---(ſighs) I ſcarce know, I am

I am glad I came abroad!——I have not been so pleas'd ever since I can remember——but, perhaps, it may be angry with me——I can't help it, if it is. ——I had rather see her angry with me than Urganda smile upon me——Stay, stay (*Sylvia sirs.*) La, what a pretty foot it has!

(Cymon *retires.*)

Sylvia *raising herself from the bank.*

AIR.

Yet awhile, sweet Sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to rest,

[Sylvia *sees* Cymon *with emotion, while he gazes strongly on her, and retires gently, pulling off his cap.*]

SYLVIA, (*confused.*)

Who's that?

CYMON.

'Tis I. (*bowing and hesitating.*)

SYLVIA.

What's your name?

CYMON.

Cymon.

SYLVIA.

What do you want, young man?

CYMON.

Nothing, young woman.

SYLVIA.

What are you doing there?

CYMON.

Looking at you there.

SYLVIA.

What a pretty creature it is! *(Aside.)*

CYMON.

What eyes it has! *(Aside.)*

SYLVIA.

You don't intend me any harm?

CYMON.

Not I indeed!---I wish you don't do me some. Are you a fairy, pray?

SYLVIA.

No---I am a poor harmleſs ſhepherdeſs.

CYMON.

I don't know that---You have bewitched me, I believe.

SYLVIA.

Indeed, I have not; and if it was in my power to harm you, I'm ſure it is not in my inclination.

CYMON.

I'm ſure, I would truſt you to do any thing with me.

SYLVIA.

Would you? *(Sighs.)*

CYMON.

Yes, indeed, I would. *(Sighs.)*

SYLVIA.

Why do you look ſo at me?

CYMON.

Why do you look ſo at me?

SYLVIA.

I can't help it—(*Sighs.*)

CYMON.

Nor I neither—(*Sighs.*) I wiſh you'd ſpeak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

SYLVIA.

What the Enchantreſs? Do you belong to her?

CYMON.

I had rather belong to you——I would not deſire to go abroad, if I did.

SYLVIA.

Does Urganda love you?

CYMON.

So ſhe ſays.

SYLVIA.

I'm ſorry for it.

CYMON.

Why are you ſorry, pray?

SYLVIA.

I ſhall never ſee you again——I wiſh I had not ſeen you now!

CYMON.

If you did but wiſh as I do, all the enchantreſſes in the world could not hinder us from ſeeing one another.

SYLVIA.

Do you love Urganda?

CYMON.

Do you love the Shepherds?

SYLVIA.

I did not know what Love was this morning.

CYMON.

Nor I, 'till this afternoon.——Who taught you, pray?

SYLVIA.

Who taught you?

CYMON.

(*Baſhful.*) You.

SYLVIA.

(*Bluſhing.*) You.

CYMON.

You could teach me any thing, if I was to live with you——I ſhould not be call'd Simple Cymon any more.

SYLVIA.

Nor I, hard-hearted Sylvia.

CYMON.

Sylvia——what a ſweet name!——I could ſpeak it for ever! (*Tranſported.*) Sylvia!

SYLVIA.

I can never forget that of Cymon: Tho' Cymon may forget me. (*Sighs.*)

CYMON.

Never, never, my ſweet Sylvia. [*Falls on his knees, and kiſſes her hand.*

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

We ſhall be ſeen and ſeparated for ever! Pray let me go—we are [illegible]—I muſt go—I am all over as a flutter!

CYMON.

When ſhall I ſee you again?—In half an hour?

SYLVIA.

Half an hour! that will be too ſoon——No, no, it muſt be—three quarters of an hour.

CYMON.

And where, my ſweet Sylvia?

SYLVIA.

Any where, my ſweet Cymon.

CYMON.

In the grove by the river there.

SYLVIA.

And you ſhall take this to remember it. (*Gives him the noſegay enchanted by* Merlin.) I wiſh it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

CYMON.

How my heart is tranſported!—and here is one for you too; which is of no value to me, unleſs you will receive it—take it, my ſweet *Sylvia*. [Cymon *preſents her* Urganda's *noſegay*.

DUET.

DUET.

Syl. O take this offering, gentle youth.
Cym. And you, fweet maid, take mine; love is truth.
Syl. Unlike theſe flowers, be thy fair truth;
Cym. Unlike theſe flowers be mine,
Theſe blooming flowers
Will ſoon decay,
Be ſweet till noon;
Then paſs away.
Fair for a time theſe tranſient charms appear;
But truth unchang'd ſhall bloom for ever here.

[Each preſſing their Hearts,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Urganda's *Palace.*

Enter Urganda *and* Fatima.

URGANDA.

IS he not return'd yet, Fatima?

FATIMA.

He has no feelings but thoſe of hunger; when that pinches him, he'll return to be fed, like other animals.

URGANDA.

URGANDA.

Indeed, Fatima, his indifference aſtonishes and diſtracts me——I have exhauſted all my arts to overcome it; I have run all dangers to make an impreſſion upon him; and, inſtead of finding my paſſion in the leaſt abated by his ingratitude, I am only a greater ſlave to my weakneſs, and more incapable of relief.

FATIMA.

Why then I may as well hold my tongue——but before I would waſte all the prime of my womanhood in playing ſuch a loſing game, I would ——but I ſee you don't mind me, madam, and therefore I'll ſay no more—I know the conſequence, and muſt ſubmit.

URGANDA.

What can I do in my ſituation?

FATIMA.

What you ought to do—and you belye your beauty and underſtanding by not doing it----'tis a faſhionable ſcheme.

URGANDA.

Explain yourſelf.

FATIMA.

To ſecure my tongue, and your honour, (for Merlin will have you by hook or by crook) marry him directly——it will prevent miſchief at leaſt——ſo much for prudence.——During your honey-

moon, I will hide the young gentleman, and if he has any pranks in him, handle him up for you. If your husband should be tired of you, as to one he will, I'll step in his way, he may be glad of the change, and in return, I'll restore young Simplicity to you.——That's what I call a fashionable scheme.

URGANDA.

I can't bear trifling at this time—you'll make me angry with you——But see where Cymon approaches——he seems transported——Look, look, Fatima! He is kissing and embracing my nosegay——it has had the desired effect, and I am happy——we'll be invisible, that I may observe his transports.

Urganda *waves her wand, and retires with* Fatima.

Enter Cymon, *hugging a nosegay.*

CYMON.

Oh my dear, sweet, charming nosegay!——To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, (*Kisses it.*) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me. (*Kisses it.*)

FATIMA.

What does he say?

URGANDA.

Hush, hush!——all transport, and about me! What a change is this?

CYMON.

CYMON.

With this I can want for nothing.—I poſſeſs every thing with this.——My mind and heart are expanded; I feel——I know not what.——Every thought that delights, and every paſſion that tranſports, gather, like ſo many bees, about this treaſure of ſweetneſs.——Oh, the dear, dear noſegay, and the dear, dear giver of it!

URGANDA.

The dear, dear giver.——Mind that, Fatima! What heavenly eloquence! Here's a change of heart and mind?—heigho!—

FATIMA.

I'm all amazement!—in a dream!—but is that your noſegay?

URGANDA.

Mine! how can you doubt it?

FATIMA.

Nay, I'm near ſighted.

CYMON.

She has not a beauty that is not brought to mind by theſe flowers.—This is the colour of her hair—this of her ſkin—this of her cheeks—this of her eyes—this of her lips—ſweet, ſweet—and thoſe roſe-buds—Oh! I ſhall go out of my wits with pleaſure!

FATIMA.

'Tis pity to loſe 'em the moment you have found 'em.——

URGANDA.

O Fatima! I never was proud of my power, or vain of my beauty, till this tranſporting moment.

CYMON.

Where ſhall I put it? Where ſhall I conceal it from every body?——I'll keep it in my boſom, next my heart, all the day; and at night, I will put it upon my pillow, and talk to it—and ſigh to it—and ſwear to it—and ſleep by it—and kiſs it for ever and ever!

AIR.

What exquiſite pleaſure!
This ſweet treaſure
From me they ſhall never
Sever;
In thee, in thee,
My charmer I ſee:
I'll ſigh, and careſs thee,
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee,
Thus, thus, to my boſom for ever and ever.

Urganda *and* Fatima *come forward,*

Cymon *ſtarts at ſeeing* Urganda, *and puts the noſegay in his boſom with great confuſion.*

URGANDA, *(ſmiling.)*

Pray, what is that you would kiſs, and preſs to your boſom for ever and ever?

CYMON.

Nothing but the end of an old ſong the ſhepherds taught me, "*I'll ſigh and careſs thee, I'll kiſs*

thee

thee and preſs thee."—that's all—

[*Pretends to ſing.*

FATIMA.

Upon my word! a very hopeful youth indeed, and much improved in his ſinging—What think you now? (*Aſide to* Urganda.

URGANDA.

Nothing but his baſhfulneſs ſtruggling with his paſſion.—What was that you was talking to?

CYMON.

Myſelf, to be ſure, I had nothing elſe to talk to.

URGANDA.

Yes, but you have, Cymon—don't be aſham'd of what you ought to be proud of—there is ſomething in your boſom, next your heart.

CYMON.

Yes, ſo there is.

URGANDA.

What is it, Cymon? (*Smiling.*)

FATIMA.

Now his modeſty is giving way; we ſhall have him at laſt. (*aſide.*

CYMON.

Nothing but a noſegay.

URGANDA.

That which I gave you?—let me ſee it.

CYMON.

What! give a thing, and take it away again?

URGANDA.

I would not take it away for the world.

CYMON.

Nor would I give it you, for a hundred worlds.

FATIMA.

See if by all means, madam.——I have my reasons

[aside to Urganda.]

URGANDA.

I muſt ſee it, Cymon, and therefore no delay.—— you cannot have the love you ſeem'd to have but now, and refuſe me.

CYMON.

O but I can, and for that reaſon.

URGANDA.

Don't provoke me——I will ſee it, or ſhut you up for ever.

CYMON.

What a ſtir is here about nothing! Now are you ſatisfied?

[*He holds the noſegay at a diſtance*——Urganda *and* Fatima *look at one another with ſurprize.*]

FATIMA.

I was right.

URGANDA.

And I am miſerable!

CYMON.

Have you ſeen it enough?

URGANDA.

That is not mine, Cymon.

CYMON.

No——'tis mine.

URGANDA.

URGANDA.

Who gave it you?

CYMON.

A perſon.

URGANDA.

What perſon---male or female?

CYMON.

Ah! how can I tell?

FATIMA.

Finely engraved indeed!---a genius! (*aside.*)

URGANDA.

I muſt diſſemble. (*aside.*) Look'ee, Cymon; I did but ſport with you---the noſegay was your own, and you had a right to give it away, or throw it away.

CYMON.

Indeed, but I did not---I only gave it for this---which as it is ſo much finer and and ſweeter, I thought would pleaſe you.

URGANDA.

Hegho! (*aside.*)

FATIMA.

Vex her! O not in the leaſt---But you ſhould not have given away her preſent to a vulgar creature.

CYMON.

How dare you talk to me ſo? I would have you to know, ſhe is neither ugly, nor vulgar.

FATIMA.

Oh! ho!---your humble ſervant, young Simplicity!---Ha, ha, how can you tell whether it is male or female?

(*Mocks Cymon, who ſeems confounded.*

URGANDA.

URGANDA.

Don't mind her impertinence, Cymon---I give you leave to follow your own inclinations.---I brought you hither for your pleasure, indulge yourself in every thing you like---and be as happy as following your desires can make you.

CYMON.

Then I am happy, indeed---thank you, Lady, you have made me quite another creature! I'm out of my wits with joy---I may follow my inclinations ---thank you, and thank you, and thank you again.

"I'll sigh and gaze thee,
"I'll kiss thee, and press thee,
"Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever."---

[*Exit* Cymon *singing*.

FATIMA.

You are a philosopher, indeed!

URGANDA.

A female one---Fatima: I have hid the most lacking jealousy under this false appearance, in order to deceive him.---I shall by this means discover the cause of his joy, and my misery; and when that is known, you shall see whether I am most of a woman, or a philosopher.

FATIMA.

I'll lay ten to one of the woman in matters of this nature.

URGANDA.

Let him have liberty to go wherever he pleases---I will have him watched; that office be your's, my faithful Fatima---about it instantly---don't lose sight of him---no reply---not a word more.

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

That's very hard—but I'm gone. [*Exit.*

URGANDA.

When I have discover'd the object of his present transports, I will make her more wretched than any of her sex——except myself.

AIR.

Hence every hope, and every fear!
Awake, awake, my power and pride,
Let Jealousy, stern Jealousy appear!
With Vengeance at her side!

II.

Who scorns my charms, my power shall prove,
Revenge succeeds to slighted love!
Revenge!—But Oh, my sighing heart
With rebel Love takes part;
Now pants again with all her fears,
And drowns her rage in tears. (Exit.

SCENE, Dorcas's Cottage.

Sylvia *at the door with* Cymon's *nosegay in her hand.*

AIR.

These flowers, like our hearts, are united in one,
And are bound up so fast; that they can't be undone;
So well are they blended, so beauteous to sight,
There springs from their union a tenfold delight;
Nor pinkes, nor weed here, our passion to warn;
But sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.

The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel Cymon in my heart and mind——Ever since I

have ſeen him, heard his vows, and received this noſegay from him, I am in continual agitation, and cannot reſt a moment.——I wander without knowing where—I ſpeak without knowing to whom,—and I look without knowing at what—Heigho! how my poor heart flutters in my breaſt!—Now I dread to loſe him,—and now again I think him mine for ever!

AIR.

O why ſhould we ſorrow, who never knew ſin!
Let ſmiles of content ſhow our rapture within:
This love has ſo rais'd me, I now tread in air!
He's ſure ſent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

II.

Each ſhepherdeſs views me with ſcorn and diſdain!
Each ſhepherd purſues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I ſorrow, no longer deſpair,
He's ſure ſent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

(LINCO *is ſeen liſtening to her ſinging.*)

LINCO.

If you were as wicked, ſhepherdeſs, as you are innocent, that voice of your's would corrupt juſtice herſelf, unleſs ſhe was deaf, as well as blind.

SYLVIA.

I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

LINCO.

O, but I did though—and, notwithſtanding I come as the deputy of a deputy governor, to bring you before my principal, for ſome complaints made againſt you by a certain ſhepherdeſs, I will ſtand your friend, tho' I loſe my place for it—there are not many ſuch friends, ſhepherdeſs.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

What have I done to the ſhepherdeſſes, that they perſecute me ſo?

LINCO.

You are much too handſome, which is a crime the beſt of 'em can't forgive you.

SYLVIA.

I'll truſt myſelf with you, and face my enemies.

As they are going, Dorcas *calls from the Cottage.*

DORCAS.

Where are you going, child?—Who is that with you, Sylvia?

LINCO.

Now ſhall we be ſtopp'd by this good old woman, who will know all—and can ſcarce hear any thing.

DORCAS. (*coming forward.*)

I'll ſee who you have with you.

LINCO.

'Tis I, dame, your kinſman Linco.

(*Speaks loud in her ear.*

DORCAS.

O, it is you, honeſt Linco! (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now,

LINCO.

The governor deſires to ſpeak with Sylvia; a friendly enquiry, that's all. (*Speaks loud.*)

DORCAS.

For what, for what——tell me that——I have nothing to do with his deſires, nor ſhe neither—he is grown very inquiſitive of late about ſhepherdeſſes,—

Fine doings, indeed! No ſuch doings when I was young——if he wants to examine any body, why don't he examine me? I'll give him an anſwer, let him be as inquiſitive as he pleaſes.

LINCO.

But I am your kinſman, dame, and you dare truſt me ſure. (*Speaks loud.*

DORCAS.

Thou art the beſt of 'em, that I'll ſay for thee—but the beſt of you are bad when a young woman is in the caſe——I have gone through great difficulties myſelf, I can aſſure you, in better times than theſe; why muſt not I go too?

LINCO.

We ſhall return to you again, before you can get there. (*Still ſpeaking loud.*

SYLVIA.

You may truſt us, mother,—my own innocence, and Linco's goodneſs, will be guard enough for me.

DORCAS.

Eh! what!

LINCO.

She ſays, you may truſt me with her innocence. (*Speaking louder.*

DORCAS.

Well, well—I will then—thou art a ſweet creature, and I love thee better than even I did my own child—(*kiſſes* Sylvia.) When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woeful day for me—Well, well, go thy ways with Linco—I dare truſt thee any where—I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honeſt kinſman along with you.

LINCO.

We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil.

DORCAS.

DORCAS.

Before what!

LINCO.

We will be with you, before you can make the pot boil,

(*Speaks very loud, and goes off with* Sylvia.

DORCAS.

Heav'n shield thee, for the sweeteſt, beſt creature that ever bleſt old age---What a comfort ſhe is to me! All I have to wiſh for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to ſee thee as happy as thou haſt made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her?---I wiſh I had gone too---I'd have talk'd to him, and to the purpoſe ---We had no ſuch doings when I was a young woman! they never made ſuch a fuſs with me!

AIR.

When I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grewn ſo falſe and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at ſeventy-two.

II.

When I were fair---tho' now ſo ſo,
No hearts were given to rove,
Our pulſes beat nor faſt nor ſlow,
But all was faith and love;
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at ſeventy two!

[Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE, *the Magistrate's House.*

Enter Dorus, *and Second Shepherdess.*

DORUS.

This way, this way, damsel—now we are alone, I can hear your grievances, and will redress them, that I will——you have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I want words, your honour and worship, to thank you fitly.

DORUS.

Smile upon me, damsel——smile, and command me——your hand is whiter than ever, I protest——you must indulge me with a chaste salute.

(*kisses her hand.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

La! your honour. (*Curtsies.*)

DORUS.

You have charm'd me, damsel, and I can deny you nothing——another chaste salute—'tis a perfect cordial—(*kisses her hand.*) Well, what shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent, wicked—(*kisses her hand.*) Smile, damsel, smile—I'll send her packing this very day.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I vow your worship is too good to me.

(*Leering at him.*

DORUS.

DORUS.

Nothing's too good for her—I'll send her off directly.—Don't fret and stare thyself about her—go she shall, and speedily too.—I have sent my deputy Linco for that Dorcas, who has harbour'd this Sylvia without my knowledge, and the country shall be rid of her to-morrow morning.—Smile upon me, damsel—smile upon me.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I wou'd I were half as handsome as Sylvia I might smile to good purpose.

DORUS.

I'll Sylvia her! an impudent vagrant—She can neither smile or whine to any purpose, while I am to govern.—She shall go to-morrow, damsel——this hand, this lily hand, has sign'd her fate. (*kisses it.*)

Enter Linco.

LINCO.

No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

DORUS.

You are too bold, Linco—Where did you learn this impertinence to your superiors?

LINCO.

From an old song, and please your honour, where I get all my wisdom—Heav'n help me.

AIR.

If she whispers the judge, he be ever so wise,
Tho' great and important his trust be,
His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
Will blot up the volumes of justice.

II.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak,
For love thro' his veins will be creeping,
And his worship, when near to a rosied dimple cheek,
Tho' he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

DORUS.

Poo, poo, 'tis a very foolish song, and you're a fool for singing it.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Linco's no friend of mine; Sylvia can sing, and has enchanted him.

LINCO.

My ears have been feasted, that's most certain —but my heart, damsel, is as uncrack'd as your virtue, or his honour's wisdom—There is not too much presumption in that, I hope.

DORUS.

Linco, do your duty, and know your distance —What is come to the fellow? he is so altered, I don't know him again.

LINCO.

Your honour's eye-sight is not so good as it was— I am always the same, and Heav'n forbid that mirth should

should be a fin—I am always laughing and singing —Not who will change, I will not—I laugh at the times, but I can't mend 'em—They are woefully alter'd for the worse—but here's my comfort.

[*Shewing his tabor and pipe.*

DORUS.

I'll hear no more of this ribaldry—I hate poetry, and I don't like muſick—Where is this vagrant, this Sylvia?

LINCO.

In the juſtice-chamber, waiting for your honour's commands.

DORUS.

Why did you not tell me ſo?

LINCO.

I thought your honour better engaged, and that it was too much for you to try two female cauſes at one time.

DORUS.

You thought! I won't have you think, but obey ——Times are chang'd indeed! Deputies muſt not think for their ſuperiors.

LINCO.

Muſt not they! What will become of our poor country! (*going.*)

DORUS.

No more, impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

LINCO.

In the twinkling of your honour's eye. (*Exit.*

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I leave my griefs in your worſhip's hands.

DORUS.

You leave 'em in my heart, damſel, where they ſoon ſhall be changed into pleaſures—wait for me in the juſtice chamber—Smile, damſel, ſmile upon me, and edge the ſword of juſtice.

AIR.

Smile, Damſel, ſmile,
I'll frown upon your foe,
I'll pack her off, the wicked vile,
This moment ſhe ſhall go.
Smile, damſel, ſmile.
Sweet bauble mine,
The wicked ſlut,
Shall trudge for many a mile,
And all that I ſhall aſk for this,
Is now and then a harmleſs kiſs,
Smile, damſel, ſmile.

Enter Linco *and* Sylvia.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Here ſhe comes; ſee how innocent ſhe looks—But I'll be gone——I truſt in your worſhip——I have the fight of her—I could tear her eyes out. (*Exit.*

DORUS.

(Gazing at Sylvia.

Hem, hem! I am told, young woman---hem, hem!---that---ſhe does not look ſo miſchievous as I expected. *(Aſide and turning from her.*

LINCO.

Bear up, ſweet ſhepherdeſs! your beauty and innocence will put injuſtice out of countenance.

SYLVIA.

The ſhame of being ſuſpected confounds me, and I can't ſpeak.

DORUS.

Where is the old woman, Dorcas, they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

LINCO.

The good old woman is ſo deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the buſineſs would be ſooner and better done by the young woman.

DORUS.

What at your thinking again---Young ſhepherdeſs, I hear---I hear---Hem!---Her modeſty pleaſes me. *(Aſide.)*---What is the reaſon, I ſay---Hem!---that---that I hear---She has very fine features.

(Aſide, and turning from her.

LINCO.

Speak, ſpeak, Sylvia, and the buſineſs is done.

DORUS.

Is not your name Sylvia?

LINCO.

Yes, your honour, her name is Sylvia.

DORUS.

I don't aſk you—What is your name? look up and tell me, ſhepherdeſs.

SYLVIA.

Sylvia! (*Sighs and ſtarts.*

DORUS.

What a ſweet look with her eyes ſhe has! (*Aſide.*) What can be the reaſon, Sylvia—that, that—Hem! I proteſt ſhe diſarms my anger.

Aſide, and turns from her.

LINCO.

Now is your time; ſpeak to his reverence.

DORUS.

Don't whiſper the priſoner.

SYLVIA.

Priſoner! Am I a priſoner then?

DORUS.

DORUS.

No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel—Hem, hem—charged, damsel—I don't know what to say to her.

[*Sighs, and turns from her.*

SYLVIA.

With what, your honour?

LINCO.

If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure.

SYLVIA.

What is my crime?

LINCO.

A little too handsome, that's all.

DORUS.

Hold your peace—Why don't you look up in my face if you are innocent? (Sylvia *looks at* Dorus *with great modesty.*) I can't stand it—she has turn'd my anger, my justice, and my whole scheme, topsy-turvy—Reach me a chair, Linco.

LINCO.

One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. [*Reaches a chair for* Dorus.

DORUS.

No singing, her looks have done too much already.

LINCO.

Only to soften your rigour.

Sylvia

Sylvia sings.

From duty if the shepherd strey,
And leave his flocks to feed,
The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
And innocence will bleed.

II.

In me a harmless lamb behold,
Oppress with many fears;
O guard, good shepherd, guard the fold,
For wicked wolves are near.

[Kneels.

DORUS.

I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my dainty lin—and they shan't hurt thee.—This is a melting ditty indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia.

[Embraces her.

Enter Second Shepherdess.

[Dorus and her start at seeing each other.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

DORUS.

How now! What presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of justice?

SECOND

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

May I be permitted to speak three words with your worship?——

DORUS.

Well, well, I will speak to you——I'll come to you in the justice-chamber presently.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS.

I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all——but I'll be up with her yet. [*Aside and Ex.*

DORUS.

I'm glad she's gone——Linco, you must send her away—I won't see her now.

LINCO.

And shall I take Sylvia to prison?

DORUS.

No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid!—What a sin should I have committed to please that envious, jealous-pated shepherdess?——Linco, comfort the damsel——Dry your tears, Sylvia——I will call upon you myself——and examine Dorcas, myself—and protect you myself——and do every thing myself——I profess she has bewitched me! I am all agitation—I'll call upon you to-morrow—perhaps to-night—perhaps in half an hour——Take care of her, Linco—she has bewitched me, and I shall lose my wits if I look on her any longer—Oh! the sweet, lovely, pretty, creature!

LINCO.

LINCOLN.

Don't whimper now, my ſweet Sylvia—Juſtice has taken up the ſword and ſcales again, and your rivals ſhall cry their eyes out——The day's our own.

AIR.

Sing high derry derry,
The day is our own.
Be wiſe and be merry.
Let ſorrows alone,
Alter your tone,
To high derry derry,
Be wiſe and be merry,
The day is our own.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *an old Caſtle.*

Enter URGANDA, *greatly agitated.*

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

URGANDA.

LOST, loſt Urganda!—Nothing can controul
The beating tempeſt of my reſtleſs ſoul!
While I prepare, in this dark witching hour,
My potent ſpells, and call forth all my power—
Ariſe, ye demons of revenge, ariſe!
Begin your rites—unſeen by mortal eyes;

Hurl

Hurl plagues and mischiefs thro' the poison'd air,
And give me vengeance to appease despair!

Chorus.—(*underground*) We come, we come, we come. (*She waves her wand, and the table vanishes.*)

The 1st Demon of revenge arises, with his followers.

AIR.

While mortals charm their cares by sleep,
And demons howl below,
Urganda, *calls us from the deep;*
Arise, ye sons of woe!
Ever busy, ever willing,
All these horrid tasks fulfilling,
Which draw from mortal breasts the groan,
And make their torments like our own.

Chorus of Demons under ground.

We come, we come, we come!

Other Demons arise and perform their rites.

Then Exeunt, *with* Urganda *at their head.*

SCENE, *the Country.*

Enter LINCO, *dragging in* DAMON *and* DORILAS.

LINCO.

Nay, nay, but let me talk to you a little—by the bye you are early stirrers—has not that gad-fly jealousy stung you to this same mischief you are upon?

DAMON.

We are commanded by our governor, who has orders from Urganda, to bring Cymon and Sylvia before her.

LINCO.

And you are fond of this employment, are you? fye, for ſhame—I know more than you think I know.—You were each of you (good ſouls!) betroth'd to two ſhepherdeſſes—but Sylvia comes in the nick, and away go vows, promiſes, and proteſtations—ſhe loving Cymon, and deſpiſing you—and you.—You, hating one another, join cordially to diſtreſs them for loving one another——fye, for ſhame, ſhepherds!

DAMON.

What will the governor ſay to this? This is fine treatment of your betters.

LINCO.

If my betters are no better than they ſhould be, 'tis their fault, and not mine—Urganda, Dorus, and you, not being able to reach the grapes, won't let any body elſe taſte them---Oh fye, for ſhame, ſhepherds!

DAMON.

We have no time to loſe—we muſt raiſe the ſhepherds, and hunt after theſe young ſinners; and you, Mr. Deputy, for all your airs, muſt make one in the chaſe.

LINCO.

Before I would follow unlawful game to pleaſe a hot-liver'd enchantreſs, an old itching governor, and two ſuch jealous-pated noodles, as yourſelves, I would thruſt my pipe through my tabor, chuck it into the river, and myſelf after it.

DAMON.

Here comes the governor; now we ſhall hear what you will ſay to him.

LINCO.

LINCO.

Juſt what I have ſaid to you; an honeſt laughing fellow, like myſelf, don't mind a governor, though I ſhould raiſe his ſpleen, and loſe my place into the bargain——there are not many deputies in Arcadia of the ſame mind.

DORILAS.

Come, come, let us mind our buſineſs, and not his impertinence.

DAMON.

If the governor would do as I wiſh him, you would have your deſerts, Mr. Deputy Linco.

LINCO.

And if Cymon would do as I wiſh him, you would have your deſerts, my gentle ſhepherds.

Enter Dorus *and* Arcadians.

DORUS.

Where have you been, Linco? I ſent for you an hour ago.

LINCO.

I was in bed, your honour; and as I don't walk in my ſleep, I could not be well with you before I was dreſs'd.

DORUS.

No joking----no joking---we are ordered by the Enchantreſs to ſearch for Cymon and Sylvia, and bring them before her.

LINCO.

I hate to ſpoil ſport---ſo I'll go home again.

(*Going.*)

DORUS.

Stay, Linco. (*he returns*) I command you to do your duty, and go with me in purſuit of theſe young criminals.

LINCO.

LINCO.

And you are fond of this employment, are you? fye, for ſhame—I know more than you think I know.—You were each of you (good ſouls!) betroth'd to two ſhepherdeſſes—but Sylvia comes in the nick, and away go vows, promiſes, and proteſtations—ſhe loving Cymon, and deſpiſing you—and you.—You, hating one another, join cordially to diſtreſs them for loving one another——fye, for ſhame, ſhepherds!

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(*Going.*)

DORUS.

Stay, Linco. (*he returns*) I command you to do your duty, and go with me in purſuit of theſe young criminals.

LINCO

LINCO.

Criminals! heaven bless them, I fly!---I'll go home again. (*Going.*)

DORUS.

Was there ever such insolence! Come back, Linco; how dare you disobey what I order, and Urganda commands? Give me an answer.

LINCO.

Conscience! conscience! Governor---an old fashion'd excuse, but a true one---I cannot find in my heart to disturb two sweet young creatures ---whom as heaven has put together, I will not attempt to divide;---'twould be a crying sin!---I'll go home again. (*Going.*

DORUS.

You are a scandal to your place, and you shall hold it no longer; I'll take it from you instantly.

LINCO.

You cannot take from me a quiet conscience and a merry heart,---you are heartily welcome to all the rest, Governor.

DORUS.

I dismiss you from this moment---you shall be no deputy of mine---you shall suffer for your arrogance; ---I shall tell the Enchantress that you are leagu'd with this Sylvia, and will not do your duty.

LINCO.

A word with your honour---could you have been leagu'd with this Sylvia too, you would not have done your duty, Mr Governor.

DORUS.

Hem!---Come along, Shepherds, and don't mind his impudence. (*Exeunt Dorus and Shepherds.*

LINCO.

LINCO.

I wish your reverence a good morning, and thank you for all favours---any fool now that was less merry than myself, would be out of spirits for being out of place;---but as matters are now turned topsy turvy, I ween's walk upon my head for the best office in Arcadia---And so my virtuous old governor, get what deputy you please; I shall stick to my tabor and pipe, and sing away the loss of one place, till I can whistle myself into another.

AIR.

When peace here was reigning,
And love without feigning,
Or care or complaining,
Base passions disdaining;
This, this was my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I Laugh'd down the day,
Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

II.

Now sad transformation,
Runs thro' the whole nation;
Peace, love, recreation,
All chang'd to vexation;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

III.

While all are designing,
Their friends undermining,
Raising, ruining,
To mischief inclining;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor,
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

Omitted in the representation.

SCENE,

SCENE, *another Part of the Country.*

Enter FATIMA.

Truly a very pretty miſchievous errand I am ſent upon—I am to follow this fooliſh young fellow all about to find out his haunts—not ſo fooliſh neither, for he is ſo much improved of late, we ſhrewdly ſuſpect that he muſt have ſome female to ſharpen his intellects—For love, among many other ſtrange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I ſaw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I muſt make no noiſe, for fear of alarming him; beſides, I hate to diſturb the poor things in pairing time.

[*Looks thro' the buſhes.*

Enter MERLIN, *behind her.*

MERLIN.

I ſhall ſpoil your peeping, thou evil counſellor of a fairhleſs miſtreſs—I muſt torment her a little for her good—Such females muſt feel much to be made juſt and reaſonable creatures.

Fatima, *peeping thro' the buſhes.*

There they are—our fool has made no bad choice; —upon my word, a very pretty couple! and will make my poor lady's heart ach.

MERLIN.

I ſhall twinge yours a little before we part.

FATIMA.

Well ſaid, Cymon! upon your knees to her! Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly deſcribe this

this rival of ours; she is much too handsome to live long; she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the Black Tower—the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice.

[*Takes out a pocket book.*

MERLIN.

May be so—but we will prevent the prophecy if we can.

Fatima, *writing in her book.*

She is of a good height, about my size—a fine shape, delicate features—charming hair—heav'nly eyes; not unlike my own—with such a sweet smile! She must be burnt alive! yes, yes, she must be burnt alive.

[Merlin *taps her upon the shoulder with his wand.*

FATIMA.

Who's there! bless me! Nobody—I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture.

[*Writes on.*

[Merlin *waves his wand over her head.*

Now let me see what I have written.—Bless me, what's here! all the letters are as red as blood—My eyes fail me! Sure I am bewitched (*Reads and trembles*) Urganda *has a shameful passion for* Cymon, Cymon *a most virtuous one for* Sylvia;---*as for* Fatima, *wild beasts, the Black Tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.* (*Drops the book.*) O! O!—I have not power to stir a step—I knew what would come of affronting that devil Merlin. [Merlin *is visible.*

MERLIN.

True, Fatima, and I am here at your service.

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

O moſt magnanimous Merlin! don't let your wit to a poor foolish weak woman.

MERLIN.

Why, then, will a foolish weak woman ſet her wit to me? But we will be better friends for the future—Mark me, Fatima. [*Holds up his wand*

FATIMA.

No conjuration, I beſeech your worſhip, and you ſhall do any thing with me.

MERLIN.

I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

FATIMA.

Will nothing elſe content your fury?

MERLIN.

Silence, babbler.

FATIMA.

I am your own for ever, moſt merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever—O my poor tongue! I thought I never ſhould have wagg'd thee again—What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb!

MERLIN.

You ſee it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia—I will be their protector againſt all her arts, tho' ſhe has league'd herſelf with the demons of revenge—We have no power but what reſults from our virtue.

FATIMA.

I had rather loſe any thing than my ſpeech.

MERLIN.

As you profeſs yourſelf my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot ſee into a woman's mind) I will ſhew my gratitude, and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accompliſhment.

FATIMA.

What, ſhall I talk more than ever?

MERLIN. *(ſmiling.)*

That would be no accompliſhment, Fatima,—No, I mean that you ſhall talk leſs—When you return to Urganda, ſhe will be very inquiſitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

FATIMA.

And may I without offence to your worſhip?

MERLIN.

Silence, and mark me well—obſerve me truly and punctually. Every anſwer you give to Urganda's queſtions, muſt be confined to two words, *Yes* and *No*—I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

FATIMA.

Not very clearly, indeed. *(Aſide.*

MERLIN.

Beware of encroaching a ſingle monoſyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word eſcapes you, you are dumb.

FATIMA.

Heaven preſerve me! what will become of me!

MERLIN.

Remember what I ſay—as you obey or neglect me, you will be puniſhed, or rewarded.

AIR.

Be ſure you regard what I ſay,
My commands to a tittle obey,
Beware, beware,
I ride in the air,
And will watch you by night and by day;
I, he! I raiſe both the ſea and the wind,
The tempeſt in fetters can bind,
Yet my magic, more pow'rful and ſtrong,
Can ſtop the full tide of a woman's tongue.

(Merlin *ſtrikes the ſcene, which opens and diſcovers his dragons and chariot, which carry him away.*)

Farewell. (*bowing to her*) Remember me, Fatima.

FATIMA.

I ſhall never forget you, I am ſure—What a polite devil it is—and what a woeful plight am I in? This confining my tongue to two words is much worſe than being quite dumb; I had rather be ſtinted in any thing than my ſpeech—Heigho—There never ſure was a tax upon the tongue before.

AIR.

Tax my tongue, it is a ſhame:
Merlin, ſure, is much to blame,
Not to let it ſweetly flow.
Yet the ſorcerer of the grot,
And the ſilly maiden's lot,
Oft depend on Yes *or* No.

Lock-

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To Yes or No.

II.

Should I want to talk and chat,
Tell Urganda this or that,
How shall I about it go!
Let her ask me what she will,
I must keep my clapper still,
Striking only Yes or No,

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To Yes or No! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Enter* Cymon *and* Sylvia, (*arm in arm.*)

CYMON.

You must not figh, my Sylvia—love like ours can have no bitter mingled with its sweets. It has given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and till they forsake me, I must be Sylvia's.

SYLVIA.

And while I retain mine, I know no happiness but with Cymon;—and yet Urganda—

CYMON.

Why will you fully again the purity of our joys with the thoughts of that unhappy, because guilty, woman. Has not Merlin discover'd all that was unknown to us? Has he not promised us his protection, and told us, that we are the care of superior beings, and that more blessings, if possible, are in store for us?—What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is compleatly bleft?

SYLVIA

SYLVIA.

Nothing but my Cymon; when that is ſecure to me, I have not a wiſh for more.

CYMON.

Thy wiſhes are fulfilled then, and mine in *thee!*

SYLVIA.

Take my hand, and with it a heart, which, till you had touch'd, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love; but my paſſion now is as ſincere as it is tender, and it would be ungrateful to diſguiſe my affections, as they are my greateſt pride and happineſs.

CYMON.

Tranſporting maid! [*Kiſſes her hand.*

SYLVIA.

AIR.

This cold ſtinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You waken'd my paſſions, my ſenſes have charm'd;
In vain againſt Merit and Cymon I ſtrove;
What's life without paſſion—ſweet paſſion of love?

II.

The froſt nips the bud, and the roſe cannot blow,
From youth that is froſt-nipt no raptures can flow,
Elyſium to him but a deſert will prove;
What's life without paſſion—ſweet paſſion of love?

III.

The ſpring ſhould be warm, the young ſeaſon be gay,
Her birds and her flow'rets make but ſome ſweet May,
Love bleſſes the cottage, and ſings thro' the grove;
What's life without paſſion—ſweet paſſion of love?

CYMON.

CYMON.

Thus then I ſeize my treaſure, will protect it with my life, and will never reſign it, but to heaven who gave it me. [*Embraces her.*

Enter Damon *and* Dorilas *on one ſide, and* Dorus *and his followers on the other; who ſtart at ſeeing* Cymon *and* Sylvia.

DAMON.

Here they are!

SYLVIA.

Ha! bleſs me! (*ſtarting.*)

DORUS.

Fine doings indeed;

(Cymon *and* Sylvia *ſtand amaz'd and aſham'd.*

DORILAS.

Your humble ſervant, modeſt madam Sylvia!

DAMON.

You are much improv'd by your new tutor.

DORUS.

But I'll ſend her and her tutor where they ſhall learn better.—I am confounded at their aſſurance! Why don't you ſpeak, culprits?

CYMON.

We may be aſham'd without guilt, to be watch'd and ſurpriz'd by thoſe who ought to be more aſham'd at what they have done.

SYLVIA.

Be calm, my Cymon, they mean us miſchief.

CYMON.

But they can do us none;——fear them not, my ſhepherdeſs.

DORUS,

DORUS.

Did you ever hear of ſo impudent couple? but I'll ſecure you from ſuch intemperate doings.

DAMON.

Shall we bind them, your worſhip, and drag 'em to Urganda?

DORUS.

Let me ſpeak firſt with that ſhepherdeſs.

(*As he approaches,* Cymon *puts her behind him.*

CYMON.

That ſhepherdeſs is not to be ſpoken with.

DORUS.

Here's impudence in perfection! Do you know who I am, ſtripling?

CYMON.

I know you to be one who ought to obſerve the laws, and protect innocence, but having paſſions that diſgrace both your age and place, you neither do one or the other.

DORUS.

I am aſtoniſh'd! What are you the fooliſh young fellow I have heard ſo much of?

CYMON.

As ſure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard ſo much of.

DORUS.

Seize them both this inſtant.

CYMON.

CYMON.

That is sooner said than done, Governor.

(*As they approach on both sides to seize them, he snatches a staff from one of the shepherds, and beats them back.*)

DORUS.

Fall on him, but don't kill him, for I must make an example of him.

CYMON.

In this cause I am myself an army; see how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

AIR.

Come on, come on,
A thousand to one,
I dare you to come on.
Tho' unpractis'd and young,
Love has made me stout and strong;
Has giv'n me a charm,
Will not suffer me to fall;
Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,
To guard my precious all.
(*Looking at* Sylvia.
Come on, come on, &c. (*Exit.*

SYLVIA.

O Merlin, now befriend him!
From their rage defend him.

(*While* Cymon *drives off the party of shepherds on one side, enter* Dorus *and his party, who surround* Sylvia.)

DORUS.

DORUS.

Away with her, away with her—

SYLVIA.

Protect me, Merlin! Cymon! Cymon! where art thou, Cymon?

DORUS.

Your fool, Cymon, is too fond of fighting to mind his mistress; away with her (o Urganda, away with her.

(*They hurry her off.*

Enter shepherds, running across, disordered and beaten by Cymon.

Damon, (*looking back.*)

'Tis the devil of a fellow! how he has laid about him! (*Exit.*

DORILAS.

There is no way but this to avoid him.

(*Exit.*

Enter Cymon (*in confusion and out of breath,*)

I have conquered, my Sylvia!—Where art thou?—my life, my love, my valour, my all!—What, gone!—torn from me!—then I am conquer'd, indeed!

(*He runs off and returns several times during the symphony of the following song.*)

AIR.

AIR.

Turn from me, turn from me, which way did they take her?
To death they shall bear me,
To pieces shall tear me,
Before I'll forsake her!
Tho' fast bound in a spell,
By Virginella and hell,
I'll burst thro' their charms,
Seize my fair in my arms,
Then my valour shall prove,
No magic like virtue, like Virtue and Love.

END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE [illegible]

Enter URGANDA *and* FATIMA.

URGANDA, *(angry.)*

YES!—No!—forbear this mockery——What can it mean?—I will not bear this trifling with my paſſion——Fatima, my heart's upon the rack, and muſt not be ſported with——Let me know the worſt, and quickly——to conceal it from me is not kindneſs, but the height of cruelty——Why don't you ſpeak? (*Fatima ſhakes her head.*) Won't you ſpeak?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Go on then.

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

Will you ſay nothing but No?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Diſtracting, treacherous Fatima!——Have you ſeen my rival?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Thanks, dear Fatima!—well—now go on.

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

This is not to be bor'n—Was Cymon with her?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Are they in love with each other?

FATIMA.

Yes. (*ſighing.*)

URGANDA.

Where did you ſee my rival? (Fatima *ſhakes her head.*) Falſe, unkind, obſtinate Fatima!——Won't you tell me?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

You are brib'd to betray me?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

What, ſtill Yes and No?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

And not a ſingle wrinkle?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

Are you afraid of my body?

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Are you not afraid of me too?

FATIMA.

No.

URGANDA.

Inſolence! Is my rival handſome? tell me that.

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

Very handſome?

FATIMA.

Yes, yes.

URGANDA.

How handſome? handſomer than I, or you?

FATIMA.

Yes—No—(*heſitating.*)

URGANDA.

URGANDA.

How can you ſee me thus miſerable, and not re-lieve me? have you no pity for me?

FATIMA.

Yes! (*ſighing.*)

URGANDA.

Convince me of it, and tell me all.

FATIMA.

No! (*ſighing.*)

URGANDA.

I ſhall go diſtracted!——Leave me.

FATIMA.

Yes.

URGANDA.

And dare not come into my preſence.

FATIMA.

No. (*Curtſies, and Exit.*

Urganda *alone.*

She has a ſpell upon her, or ſhe could not do thus —Merlin's power has prevailed—he has inchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally diſ-appointed.—This is the completion of my miſery?

Enter Dorus.

DORUS.

May I preſume to intrude upon my ſovereign's contemplations?

URGANDA.

URGANDA.

Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt partake of it.

DORUS.

I am gone---and Sylvia shall go too. (*Going.*)

URGANDA.

Sylvia, said you? where is she? where is she? Speak, speak---and give me life or death.

DORUS.

She is without, and attends your mighty will.

URGANDA.

Then I am queen again!---Forgive me, Dorus---, I was lost in thought, sunk in despair; I knew not what I said---but now I am rais'd again!---Sylvia is safe!

DORUS.

Yes; and I am safe too, which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

URGANDA.

And Cymon---has he escap'd?

DORUS.

Yes, he has escap'd from us; and, what is better, we have escap'd from him.

URGANDA.

Where is he?

DORUS.

Breaking the bonds of every shepherd he meets.

URGANDA.

At last, my passion—I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury! Let 'em prepare my victims instantly for death.

DORUS.

For death! Is not that going too far?

URGANDA.

Nothing is too far—she makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but her's can appease me. (Dorus *going.*) Stay, Dorus—I have a richer revenge; she shall be shut up in the Black Tower 'till her beauties are destroy'd, and then I will present her to this ungrateful Cyanus——Let her be brought before me, and I will feast my eyes, and ease my heart, with this devoted Sylvia—No reply, but obey.

DORUS.

It is done—This is going too far. [*Aside.*

(*Exit, shrugging up his shoulders.*

URGANDA.

Tho' still of raging winds the sport,
My shipwreck'd heart shall gain the port;
Revenge, the pilot steers the way;
No more of tenderness and love,
The eagle in her gripe has seiz'd the dove,
And thinks of nothing but her prey.

Enter Sylvia, Dorus, *and* Guards.

URGANDA.

Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dar'd to be the rival of Urganda?

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

I am no wretch, but the happy maid, who am poſſeſs'd of the affections of Cymon, and, with them, have nothing to hope or fear.

URGANDA.

Thou vain raſh creature!—I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy.

(*Waves her wand, and the ſcene changes to the Black Rocks.*)

SYLVIA.

I am ſtill unmov'd. (*Smiling.*)

URGANDA.

Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment wilt be cloſed in a tower, where thou ſhalt never ſee Cymon, or any human being more.

SYLVIA.

While I have Cymon in my heart, I bear a charm about me, to ſcorn your power or what is more, your cruelty.

(Urganda *waves her wand, and the Black Tower appears.*)

URGANDA.

Open the gates, and encloſe her inſolence for ever.

SYLVIA.

I am ready. (*Smiling at* Urganda.)

AIR.

Tho' various deaths ſurround me,
No terrors can confound me;
Protected from above,
I glory in my love!

Againſt

URGANDA.

Let me no more be tormented with her; I cannot bear to hear or see her.——Close her in the tower for ever! [*They put Sylvia in the tower.*] Now let Merlin release you if he can. (*Exit Urganda.*)

[*It thunders, the scene and rocks give way to a magnificent amphitheatre, and* Merlin *appears in the place where the tower sunk: All fly, and run off except* Urganda, *who is struck with terror.*]

MERLIN.

Still shall my power your arts confound;
And Cymon's sire shall be Urganda's wound.

Urganda *waves her wand.*

MERLIN.

Ha! ha! ha!—your power is gone——

URGANDA.

I am all terror and shame——in vain I wave this wand——I feel my power is gone, yet I still retain my passions—My misery is complete!

MERLIN.

Fool indeed! No power, no happiness were superior to thine till you sunk them by your falsehood—You now find, but too late, that there is no magic like virtue.

(*Sound of warlike instruments.*

What mean thoſe ſounds of joy?—my heart foreboades, that they proclaim my fall and diſhonour.

MERLIN.

The knights of the different orders of chivalry, who were ſent by *Cymon*'s father in queſt of his ſon, were drawn hither, by my power, from their ſeveral ſtations to one ſpot, and at the ſame inſtant: the general aſtoniſhment at their meeting, was ſoon changed into general joy, when they were told, by what means, and upon what occaſion they were ſo unexpectedly aſſembled; and they are now preparing to celebrate and protect the marriage of *Cymon* with *Sylvia*.

URGANDA.

Death to my hopes!—then I am loſt indeed!

MERLIN.

From the moment you wrong'd me, and yourſelf, I became their protector—I counteracted all your ſchemes, I continued Cymon in his ſtate of ignorance till he was cured by Sylvia, whom I conveyed here for that purpoſe; that ſhepherdeſs is a princeſs equal to Cymon—They have obtained by their virtues the throne of Arcadia, which you have loſt by—But I have done; I ſee your repentance, and my anger melts into pity.

URGANDA.

Pity me not—I am undeſerving of it——I have been cruel and faithleſs, and ought to be wretched—Thus I deſtroy the ſmall remains of my ſovereignty. (*Breaks her wand.*) May power, baſely exerted, be ever thus broken and diſperſed!

(*She throws it from her.*)

Forgive

Forgive my errors and forget my flame,
O drive me hence with penitence and shame;
From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly,
Beholding them, my shame can never die.

[*Exit* Urganda.

MERLIN.

Falsehood is punished, virtue rewarded, and Arcadia made happy!

A Warlike March.

[Enter the procession of knights of the different orders of *Chivalry*, with *Inchanters*, *&c.* who range themselves round the amphitheatre, followed by *Cymon*, *Sylvia*, and *Merlin*, who are brought in triumph, drawn by *Loves*, preceded by *Cupid* and *Hymen* walking arm in arm. Then enter the *Arcadian* shepherds, with *Dorus* and *Linco* at their head, *Damon* and *Dorilas*, with their shepherdesses, *&c.* *Merlin*, *Cymon*, and *Sylvia* descend from the car. *Merlin* joins their hands, and then speaks the following lines.]

MERLIN.

Now join your hands, whose hearts were join'd before,
This union shall *Arcadia*'s peace restore:
When Virtues such as these adorn a throne;
The people make their sovereign's bliss their own:
Their joys, their virtues, shall each subject share;
And all the land reflect the royal pair!

CHORUS.

Each heart and each voice
In Arcadia *rejoice*;

Let

Long, long may they live,
To learn the bliss they give!

Cymon, Sylvia, and Martha enter in the dance, while Linco calls the footsteps down.

LINCO.

My good neighbours and friends (for now I am not asham'd to call you so) your deputy Linco has but a short charge to give you.—As we have turn'd over a new, fair, leaf, let us never look back to our past blots and errors.

DORUS.

No more we will, Linco.——No retrospection.

LINCO.

I meant to oblige your worship in the proposition; I shall ever be a good subject (*bowing to* Cymon *and* Sylvia,) and your friend and obedient deputy. Let us have a hundred marriages directly, and no more inconstancy, jealousy, or coquetry from this day.—The best purifier of the blood is birch, with a few grains of wisdom——We will take it every day, neighbours, as the best preservative against bad humours: *Be merry and wise*, according to the old proverb, and I defy the devil ever to get among you again;—and that we may be sure to get rid of him, let us drive him quite away with a little more singing and dancing, for he hates mortally mirth and good fellowship.

A DANCE

COMUS.

A DANCE of Arcadian Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

AIR.

DAMON.

Each shepherd again shall be constant and kind,
And every fond heart shall each shepherdess find.

DELIA.

If faithful our shepherds, we always are true,
Our faith and our falsehood we borrow from you.

CHORUS.

While we're virtuous, while we're free,
Ever happy shall we be.

FATIMA.

Let those who the sword and the balance must hold,
To interest be blind, and to beauty be cold:
When justice has eyes her integrity fails,
Her sword becomes blunted, and down drop her scales.

CHORUS.

While we're virtuous, &c.

LINCO.

The bliss of your heart no rude care shall molest;
While innocent mirth is your bosom's sweet guest;
Of that happy pair let us worthy be seen,
Love, honour, and copy your king and your queen.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

While we're virtuous, &c.

SYLVIA.

Let Love, peace and joy fill be seen bound in band,
To dance on this turf, and again bless the land.

CYMON.

Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their store,
For Cymon *with Sylvia can wish nothing more.*

BOTH.

Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their store,

HE.
For Cymon *with* Sylvia
SHE.
For Sylvia *with* Cymon
} *can wish nothing more.*

CHORUS.

While we're virtuous, while we're free,
Ever happy shall we be!

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Written by GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. ASHTON.

Enter, peeping in at the Stage-Door.

Is the ſtage clear?—bleſs me!—I've ſuch a dread!
It ſeems enchanted ground, where'er I tread!
[Coming forward.
What waſh was that!—buſh!—'twas a falſe alarm—
I'm ſure there's no one here will do me harm:
Among'ſt you can't be found a ſingle knight,
Who wou'd not do an injur'd damſel right.
Well—Heav'n be prais'd! I'm out of magic reach,
And have once more regain'd the pow'r of ſpeech:
Aye, and I'll uſe it—for it muſt appear,
That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear——
There's not a female here but fear'd my wee,
If'd down to YES, *or ſtill more hateful* NO.
NO *is expreſſive—but I muſt confeſs,*
If rightly queſtion'd, I'd uſe only YES.
In MERLIN's *walk this broken wand I found,*
[Shewing a broken wand.
Which to two Words *my ſpeaking organs bound.*
Suppoſe upon the town I try his ſpell——
Ladies, don't ſtir!—You uſe your tongues too well!
How tranquil every place, when, by my ſkill,
Folly *is mute, and even* Slander *ſtill!*
*Old Goſſips ſpeechleſs—*Bloods *would breed no riot,*
And all the tongues at Jonathan's *lie quiet!*
Each grave Profeſſion *muſt new buſh the wig;*
Nothing to ſay, 'twere needleſs they look big!
The reverend Doctor *might the change endure,*
He would ſit ſtill, and have his Sine Cure!
Nor could Great Folks *much hardſhip undergo;*
They do their buſ'neſs with an AYE *or* NO!—
But, come, I only jeſt'd—diſmiſs your fear;
Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not uſe it here.

I'll

[Coming forward.

EPILOGUE.

I'll only tell my whole audience,
To cure each critic who attacks our bard,
I set some malcontents their fingers biting,
Snarling, "The musicians never left off fiddling!—
"The drama's loft!—the managers exhauft in
"With Op'ras, Monkies, Mab, *and* Dr. Faustus."
Dread Sirs, a word!—the public tafte is fickle;
All palates in their turn we ftrive to tickle;
Our cat'rer's vary; and you'll own, at leaft,
It is Variety *that makes the feaft.*
If this fair circle fmile—and the Gods thunder,
I with this wand will keep the critics under.